



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

JUST A MINUTE . . .

We found this in the *Chronicle's* classified column:

LADY LEE, physic card reader, 493 Haight st., apt. 8, hours 11 to 8.
What in fury does that mean?

**THIS COAST ROAD HAS
STARTED TO WORK
ON CARMEL**

Now we're getting it—from the Coast Road.

This is to be the first winter of our discontent.

Just what we don't want is coming to us by way of the San Simeon Highway. We have begun to feed the bums and let them rob our houses. The season is on.

In one night last week three unoccupied houses were broken into and ransacked. What was carried away cannot be learned until the owners arrive to take an inventory.

The police were informed by real estate agents last Friday that the Harper house on San Antonio, near Eleventh street, the Semmens home on Scenic near Eleventh, and a house next to it, had been entered. Windows were broken for entry, doors protecting private property of owners were jimmied, and goods and chattels scattered about.

All evidence points to the fact that this was not the work of professional burglars. Whatever was taken from the houses was in the nature of small articles, easier carried in pockets, easily disposed of. A pick up of a dollar or two was all that was desired. The work of a bum on his way north. Carmel the first town for many miles along the route.

We're going to get it. We're already getting it. Hail to the new Coast Road!

**HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED
AFTER WE PRINTED
"A MERE LETTER"**

It is possible you would like to know something about Johnny's wife and what happened as a result of "A Mere Letter" printed in last week's *CYMBAL*. More things than we can tell you happened, because the width and breadth and depth of human reactions to a thing like that are in the main untellable. You will be interested to know that we received a dozen telephone calls on the afternoon and evening of the day *THE CYMBAL* appeared and as many more the next day; that we loaded our car with gifts of magazines, books and clothing and bedding and took them down to the shadowed canyon to Babe Sunday afternoon, supplementing what the Red Cross is doing for her, and that now, which is most important, a very good woman of this peninsula is endeavoring to find a home for Babe out of the shadows and in the sun and to provide for her care.

You perhaps wonder why she can't be cared for by the county. Because she isn't a legal resident of the county; in fact, is not even a legal resident of the state of California. She hasn't been in the state a year, and our hospitals, especially the one at Salinas, are crowded now, and there are on a waiting list, needing hospitalization, exactly 27 sick people who are legal residents of the county and who must be given the preference.

To those who responded so quickly to the appeal in the letter, and responded so fervently and with deep concern, *THE CYMBAL*

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 7 • No. 17

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • OCTOBER 22, 1937

5 CENTS

Argyll Campbell, Representing Sade Latham, Charges Other Tap Rooms Selling Liquor to Minors

WILLIAMS QUILTS AS JUNIOR FIRE ENGINE DRIVER

Vincent Williams, Carmel fire engine driver, junior grade, has sent his resignation to the city council, to take effect November 1.

He words it as follows:
"Mayor Smith and City Council,
Carmel, California.

"Dear Sirs and Madam:

"I hereby tender my resignation as paid Junior Driver of the Carmel Fire Department to take effect November 1, 1937.

"My reasons are the undesirable hours and working conditions now existing in the department.

"Yours truly,
"V. WILLIAMS"

Williams believes that he has been given the raw end of the deal in the matter of distribution of work and hours between himself and Charles Guth, senior driver, and quite a number of the members of the department express themselves as agreeing with him. He has the feeling of some of the men who have been dissatisfied with fire department conditions since the completion of the new building, and the employment of the two paid men.

On the other hand, Fire Chief
(Continued on Page Four)

PINE CONE-TIDE GANG UP ON US

The Carmel Pine Cone, which for 22 years has stood pretty well on its own feet, has been getting increasingly jittery since December 4 of last year, and now it has decided to reach out beyond our borders for help.

In combination with *The Tide* of Pacific Grove, "Carmel's Traditional Newspaper" will present a Carmel-Pacific Grove front to advertisers, offering them a cut rate on advertising if they will use both papers, the same ads to be printed in both.

Last week the little trick of transporting whole pages (Thelma Miller, herself, and Thelma Miller in the guise of "Lois Collins Palmer") over to the *Tide* office for re-publication, was frowned on heavily by the Typographical Union in the interests of its members on the *Tide* staff, so that has been given up.

But the advertising will go double; a united front, as it were, against *THE CYMBAL*. You can buy it in both *Pine Cone* and *Tide*; if you want it, for 58 cents a column-inch, or 29 cents for each paper.

In the meantime, *THE CYMBAL* moves steadily and exasperatingly along, with an advertising rate never lower than 33 cents, and aver-

(Continued on Page Seven)

CITIZENS TO DECIDE ON ORDINANCE TO INSTALL A MERIT SYSTEM IN CARMEL, AT AUDITORIUM OF SUNSET SCHOOL TUESDAY

A mass meeting, by and through which it is hoped that a large and representative number of citizens of Carmel will accept the proposed "merit system" ordinance and select the first three members of the so-called civil service commission to administer it, will be held in Sunset School Auditorium this coming Tuesday evening, October 26, at 8 o'clock.

Frederick R. Bechdolt, chairman of the Citizens' Committee, which has caused the tentative ordinance to be drawn up, has called the mass meeting.

The proposed ordinance will be read, section by section, and discussed. The assembled citizens will be encouraged to make what suggestions they desire and the meeting will make what changes are deemed fitting or necessary.

Nominations will be made from the floor of the meeting for the first three persons to make up the initial commission and the three whose names will be incorporated in the ordinance will be selected by vote.

The ordinance, containing these names, will then be accepted by a vote of the meeting and will be incorporated in the petitions which will be circulated throughout the city and presented to the city clerk when sufficient signatures have been obtained.

The city clerk will verify the signatures as those of registered voters and will then submit the petition and the proposed ordinance to the city council.

The council may forthwith adopt the ordinance without change, or it

must submit it to a vote of the people.

The proposed ordinance was discussed in detail by the Citizens' Committee last week and is considered eminently fair and providing for an improvement in Carmel's municipal government that will mean much to the future of the city.

In general, it provides that all appointive officers of the city be examined as to their fitness for the particular position to which they aspire and that they shall hold office only as long as they carry out their duties with prescribed efficiency.

It provides that present appointive city officers shall take non-competitive examinations to prove their fitness for the positions they hold.

Under its provisions would come such offices as:

Chief of police, deputy tax collector, and members of the police department.

Chief of the fire department and paid members of the department.

City attorney.

Police judge.

Building inspector.

Street superintendent and assistants.

Employees of the library board
(Continued on Page Four)

NAMES 2 PLACES IN CONFERENCE WITH MEMBERS OF BOARD HERE FOR HEARING

Not only did Argyll Campbell tie up the hearing on the protest against a liquor license to Sade Latham next to the Community Church, but he started the State Board of Equalization on the trail of two on-sale places in Carmel which, he said, were continually violating the law by selling liquor to minors.

The packed council chamber yesterday afternoon was much surprised at Campbell's charge when, in talking for his client, Mrs. Latham, he said:

"It is unfair that Mrs. Latham, who has been in business here for a long time, and has lived up to the law by refusing to serve drunken persons and minors, should be refused permission to continue in business when other places are continually violating the law."

Harold S. Crandall, of the State Board of Equalization, who was in charge of the hearing, evinced sudden interest in Campbell's statement, and said that he would be glad to hear evidence of such violation and if it were conclusive the board would close such places.

Following the hearing Campbell met with the two commissioners present, Crandall and E. A. McDonald, and, according to his statement to *THE CYMBAL* later, told them of two places in the city which he could prove were violators. His
(Continued on Page Ten)

A LETTER TO MR. JAMES A. FARLEY ABOUT HIS CARMEL POST OFFICE

Dear Mr. Farley:

I blew up in the lobby of your Carmel post office last Monday afternoon. Probably I said things that I shouldn't have said. My provocation, or my reason for saying them, if you can call it a reason, was that I lost my temper. I know that years ago my copybook had severe things to say about losing one's temper. But I submit that the person who wrote that copybook had never had anything to do with your Carmel post office.

Perhaps, also, I should not have lost my temper in your post office because I backed you at the last election—that is, I backed your horse. I had this in common with you, too.

I was almost as good a prophet about that race as you were. I told Chris Beck (he lives in our town here; mighty fine old man) that his candidate (a Mr. Landon of Kansas, in case you've forgotten) would carry only five states in the Union. And I named the five. I gave him New Hampshire, Michigan and his own state of Kansas, together with Vermont and Maine. I didn't know as much as you did about that race, I'll admit, but I know a whole lot more about your Carmel post office

than you do. There are, in fact, a great many people in Carmel who know more about your Carmel post office than you do. And I'm here to tell you, Mr. Farley, that they know it isn't much good; that it is, to be utterly frank about it, too terrible for words.

In the interests of these people, and of myself, I am, however, going to try a few words on it.

Before I go into my own particulars
(Continued on Page Seven)

You See This Ad:

FOR RENT
Miscellaneous

PIANO FOR RENT—Baby Grand. Unusually low rental to right party. Call Carmel 702 for particulars.

It ran in *THE CYMBAL* classified columns October 1. No answer.

It ran in *THE CYMBAL* October 8. No answer.

It ran in *THE CYMBAL* October 15. Three answers that day. One the next and one the third.

The piano was rented for a long term.

The ad cost 8 cents a line per insertion, or 72 cents for the three times.

It's just as we keep on telling you:

You can't advertise this week and quit the next.

You're not talking to a mass meeting; you're talking to a parade.

—and *THE CYMBAL's* parade of interested readers is by far the longest you can find among the weekly newspapers of the Monterey Peninsula.

Attend Mass Meeting Next Tuesday Evening

extends its gratitude and, more, re-lays to you the gratitude of the tired, patient, smiling girl who lies so still in that narrow canyon, found and succored by the sun scarcely three hours in one long day.

WHEN YOU GIVE TO CHEST YOU ARE GIVING TO YOUR COMMUNITY

Yeah, the Carmel district contributes more than two-thirds of the fund obtained each year by the Peninsula Community Chest, and gets back hardly any of it comparatively in social service here.

We've heard that plaint. It comes from two classes of people. One class made up of those who do not stop to think and this, it is gratifying to know, is the larger of the two classes; the other of those who are temperamentally parsimonious and want an excuse for not giving anything.

We can't do much with the second class and won't try, but we can help the first class to think a little.

The Peninsula Community Chest is this year endeavoring to raise \$25,595 to help the helpless of the Monterey Peninsula. The Peninsula is the big community made up of five or six smaller communities. In this one big community there are human beings who will need almost all of that \$25,595 during the next year in order that their lives may be made happier, their children may be fed, their sick may be cared for and sheer desperation turned from their door.

Does it matter in what section of this community of the Monterey Peninsula these helpless are trying to exist? Certainly, it doesn't. The very fact that we here, on the open-ocean side of the Monterey Peninsula, need little comparatively of what the Chest raises every year with our help, should make us glad to give that help to the other side which does need it.

The fact that it is in Monterey where the bulk of the Chest funds are used should make no difference in the extent of our giving. We are giving to our community; to raise the dotted line on the graph of comfort and happiness on the Monterey Peninsula. We should be happy in this annual opportunity to do it.

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT OUR LETTER TO MR. FARLEY

You may have already read, or may be going to read our letter, in this issue, to Mr. James A. Farley about his Carmel post office. We feel sincerely that we are, by this letter, endeavoring to do a service for a majority of the people of this city, or of this postal district. We honestly declare that we harbor no personal animosities in the matter.

We have no personal grievances. If by some magic sweep of some super-human wand, the Carmel Post Office staff could be rendered efficient overnight and the postal service we are entitled to become a reality as of, say, 10:02 this very morning, we would be more than pleased. We don't want anybody to lose his or her job, but if it is necessary that somebody should in order to clean up the mess that is the Carmel Post Office we shall consider it one of those unhappy necessities to provide the greatest good for the greatest number.

Even since writing the letter to Mr. Farley, and that was done on Tuesday of this week, we have had a further unpleasant experience in the Carmel post office. We stood at the postmaster's window late Tuesday afternoon and asked in the mildest tones a question relating to what we considered was, and later proved to be, a postal discrepancy. Our question brought forth what can justifiably be called a "dog

fight" behind that window. The postmaster and two clerks engaged in a loud and angry buck-passing that could be heard clear out on the sidewalk. It was a three-cornered "you did it" game and was clearly a disgraceful example of the utter demoralization of that post office staff. (It might be parenthetically remarked that Mr. Nye, about whom some controversy has raged of late, was not one of the players.)

Now, to refer again, as we did in our letter to Mr. Farley, to the public service part of the handling of THE CYMBAL in the Carmel post office—

Most of you don't know that it doesn't cost THE CYMBAL one red penny to have this paper delivered to you in your post office box. No air, not a cent. Under our second-class mailing rate, granted only to newspapers of general circulation, we pay absolutely nothing for the delivery of our paper to paid subscribers in the post office of publication where there is no carrier delivery.

That is one of the reasons why our subscription rate is only \$1 a year. We try to charge only enough to pay our distribution cost. We start that cost from the point of delivery of the paper from the press. That \$1 pays for the folding, addressing, bundling of the papers and their transportation to the post office.

Why do you suppose this privilege is granted a newspaper? It is granted as a service, not to the newspaper, but to the subscribers of the newspaper. It is done to make it easy for you to get it. The United States government believes in the dissemination of news and places it in the category of public education. The government assumes that if you subscribe and pay for a newspaper, you want to receive that newspaper and the government makes it as easy and as inexpensive as possible for you to receive it.

Therefore, and plainly, inefficient handling of your subscription copy represents inefficient service to you. It is an annoyance to us, of course, and causes you to blame us when we are not to blame, which troubles us more than you think, but you are the sufferer, and, in the case of THE CYMBAL, it is no mean suffering.

So, while it might look on the face of it that our complaint about the delivery of THE CYMBAL is our personal funeral, it is, in reality, a fight to protect your interests, your privileges as granted by the United States government through the issuance to us of the second-class mailing rate.

With your help we can solve this problem, which is your problem mainly. With your help we can solve your own problems as related to the Carmel post office. There are efficient post offices, as post offices go. We have dealt with them. It is too loosely said that government employees are generally inefficient. It is true that there is something about government service, about government business administration that tends in some inexplicable manner to breed carelessness and lack of system, but there are degrees of inefficiency. We believe that government inefficiency, as represented by the Carmel post office, has reached a high water mark.

Instead of grumbling about it on the street corners, battling at the Carmel post office windows for what we contend we are entitled to, let's go at this thing sensibly and effectively. Let's get some action.

If you who have specific cases of postal inefficiency, causing you trouble and, as has happened in many instances, actual material loss, will set forth your woes in letters to THE CYMBAL we will see that

they reach the place where they can do the most good.

It is up to you. We can get an efficient post office, but only if you are willing to do something about it.

Write to THE CYMBAL. We'll go through on this thing.

—W. K. B.

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Gordon Campbell To Hang Shingle

Campbell & Campbell & Robison or Robison & Campbell & Campbell or, maybe, even Campbell & Robison & Campbell. Whichever way you put it the Campbells will have double strength in the present law office of Campbell & Robison on Ocean and Mission after November 9. Gordon Campbell, son of Argyl and Mrs. Campbell, has successfully passed his state bar examinations and will be admitted to the bar with all due ceremony on Tuesday, November 9.

Gordon is the third generation in the legal profession. His grandfather was elected five times district attorney of Santa Clara county and later was dean of the University of Santa Clara law school. Gordon attended school on the Peninsula and was graduated from Stanford and recently from University of Oregon law school.

Of course, we all know that his father, Argyl, was, until recently, undesired by the council because he knew more about municipal law than the council members did.

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MASTENS PICKING UP AND LEAVING US AGAIN

Dick and Hildreth and the three children are leaving us—again.

They haven't been around much this summer, but it was expected that on their return a few weeks ago they were going to stay. But they aren't. Hildreth informs us that they have taken a house in Sausalito and that Dick is going to snoop around San Francisco in search of some sort of an editorial job that will provide him with the sort of labor he likes to do. And does well, we would add.

The Masten family is due to leave this Saturday. That is, Hildreth said Saturday, but she added that she had so much to do in preparation that "it may be Saturday, 1938."

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14 BEAUTIFUL ELK KICKED OFF PEBBLE BEACH GOLF COURSE AND DEPORTED

Just because 14 beautiful elk considered they had as much right to roam about on the Pebble Beach golf course as a lot of men, women, boys and girls had to shoot silly little balls over it, the 14 elk have been rounded up and shipped to the Fleischacker Zoo in San Francisco. Personally, we'd rather see almost any elk than some golfers.

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Government is just as good or just as bad as the eternal vigilance of citizens make it. Help make Carmel's government better by attending the "merit system ordinance" mass meeting at Sunset Auditorium next Tuesday night.



Look At Our Typewriters First
PENINSULA TYPEWRITER
EXCHANGE Office Equipment
Fritz T. Wurmann, Manager
371 Alvarado • Phone 3794

The Henle Coming In "Thin Ice"

Sonja Henle, the winner of 32 skating championships and one of the few sports stars who have successfully entered the field of acting, is teamed with Tyrone Power (remember "Lloyds of London" and how he stole the show) in the fantastic fairy-tale romance "Thin



Ice" which will be at the Carmel Theatre, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Intricate skating numbers with groups as well as her own solo dances have been worked out by Miss Henle for the film. In one sequence she does a double fleur-de-lis, in another a fox-trot, a Russian dance and an improved version of her famous Swan dance. And besides her maneuvers on the rink she exhibits her prowess on skis, another sport she perfected in her native Denmark.

The story is one of mistaken identity with a prince in disguise, played by Power, and a couple of agents, who are dickering over a neutrality pact (Alan Hale and Maurice Cass), and Sonja, playing the part of a skating instructor in a magnificent hotel in the Alps. Intrigue and romance and a lot of top-notch skating seem to fill the bill for "Thin Ice."

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BEN WEITZEL WIRES REGARDS FROM HIMSELF AND HITLER

Ben Weitzel sent the Manzanita Club "best regards from me and Hitler" last week and his radiogram was read while the members of the club were gathered together at the clubhouse in celebration of something. There were 19 members in attendance, Ben being about the only one extant who wasn't there. He was foolin' around with Hitler in Berlin. It was last Thursday night week and Bud Crossman was toastmaster. Paul Flanders says it was a nice party.

Filmarte Shows "A Star Is Born"

Rated as one of the better technical films, and as one of the best stories of the "crashing through the gates to success" type, "A Star Is Born," showing tonight and tomorrow at the Filmarte, should attract a good week-end audience. Janet Gaynor, Fredric March and Adolphe Menjou play the lead roles in the film and the setting, of course, is Hollywood in its glitteriest and drabest moods.

Starting Sunday for a three-day run is "The Woman I Love" with Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins and directed by Anatole Litvak. Litvak and Miss Hopkins (now Mrs. Litvak) were guests at Del Monte Lodge last summer just after the completion of this film.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS cost 15 cents a line a month—that is if you let them stand.

Here's an Adventurous JAPANESE EATS!

You Will Find Sukiyaki Delicious

AZUMA-TEI Japanese Restaurant
436 Adams Street • Monterey, Cal.

....in a lovely Japanese garden

Our Books

ARE A REGISTER ON CARMEL'S "BEST PEOPLE"

For 20 Years in Service to This Community

We Use The Tri-Shoot Method

Carmel Cleaners

Dolores Street • Phone 242

LIAL'S MUSIC SHOP

RADIO SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Pol Verbeke • Technician

Telephone Monterey 5333

Engracia Hat Shop...SUGGESTS

"ICE BOX" GARDENIAS
FOR DAY AND EVENING WEAR

Lincoln Street, south of Ocean Avenue

GOLDEN BOUGH GREENROOM

CASANOVA BELOW EIGHTH

EDWARD G. KUSTER PRESENTS
THE GOLDEN BOUGH PLAYERS

TWO NIGHTS ONLY

"BY CANDLELIGHT"

SIEGFRIED GEYER'S CHARMING COMEDY OF VIENNA

8:30 P. M. SHARP

SAT. AND SUN. OCTOBER 30, 31

Admission One Dollar Plus Tax • Tickets at Staniford's Drug Store

Camera Club Has Print Exhibit Coming Up

This first public exhibit of the Carmel Camera Club should be interesting indeed.

It will open at Johan Hagemeyer's studio on Mountain View and Ocean avenue on October 30 and continue for 10 days, the public being admitted during the hours between 2 and 5 o'clock every afternoon.

It is expected that 30 or more prints will hang on the walls. Each member of the club may enter six prints, but these 15 or so amateur picture-takers are pretty reticent about showing you anything of theirs which they don't consider is tops, and so there will be nothing like a maximum display. This choosiness should mean a good exhibit and well worth your investigation.

Some of these Carmel Camera Club members operate along the so-called "candid" line. They shoot from under things, and on top of them. There should be good specimens of this goofy and sometimes exciting photography.

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MANY CARMEL PEOPLE ARE GOING TO SAN JOSE FOR MENUHIN CONCERT

Among the Carmel people who will journey to San Jose tonight to hear the opening concert of the Denny-Watrous Winter Music Series are Violet Whitney and party, Tilly Polak and party, Mrs. Herbert John Morse, Mrs. James Parker, Mrs. John Cocke, Miss Emily Pitkin, Miss Lorena Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Palache, Mrs. Katherine MacFarlane Howe, Winifred Howe, Margaret Lial, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Flavia Flavin and her grandmother, Mrs. J. Kelly, Mrs. Helen Levinson, Mrs. Millard A. Klein, Lynda Sargent, Miss Norma Pierce and Remo and Virginia Scardigli.

The opening concert stars Yehudi Menuhin, master violinist, who has returned to the concert stage after a rest of a year or so in the Menuhin home in Los Gatos.

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BARNEY SEGAL AND CONRAD IMELMAN SEND POSTALS

Commander Jonas Peterson of the Carmel Post, American Legion, was strutting around town this week with a postcard from Barney Segal in Rome. Anybody who gets anything in writing from Barney is chosen among his people. It was a voluminous piece of correspondence. It read: "Boys have still managed to keep out of jail." There was another one from Conrad Imelman. Conrad is conceded to be more liberal than Barney is about everything. Conrad's read: "We received a very large reception here. People went wild. Had very impressive ceremony last Sunday. Leaving today for Florence. Boys say hello." Wine Shop Walker deciphered the postmark to indicate October 5, although the figures were in Italian. The "boys" refer to some of our Legionnaires who went to Rome to see the Pope and Mussolini—on appointment.

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"MISSIONS" TO BE TOPIC AT COMMUNITY CHURCH

"The Case for Christian Missions" is the theme announced by the Rev. Homer S. Bodley for the 11 o'clock service Sunday at the Carmel Community Church.

Mrs. Lawrence Knox will speak at the 6:30 Sunday evening meeting of the Epworth League on the subject, "Facing Life." Following the session there will be a fellowship and the members will adjourn to the home of one of the Leaguers.

Wherein Our Mr. Townsend Comments On Horses and Police Officers

The horse was in a lather and the fat boy was complaining about his manners. The groom told him that a little girl frequently rode the same horse without difficulty.

"Well, she drives him different 'en I do," grumbled the fat boy.

"She doesn't drive him at all," said the groom quietly. "When she mounts she starts out easy. And the horse says to himself—now this little girl is kind and thoughtful. She is not going to run me until I warm up a little." Then when the horse's muscles loosen up, she turns the horse's head to the right, and gives him a little kick with her left heel, pulling the horse's head to the left, simultaneously, and the horse goes into a canter.

"People are like that, too," continued the groom. "They respond to kindness and understanding. I was down at the school the other day, and there was an officer there to direct traffic. He was all dressed up in gold braid, like he had a lot of authority, and he acted like it, too.

"When a little boy started to walk where he shouldn't have, the officer yelled, 'Hey! You!' and everyone turned around, thinking that they had done something wrong, and that they might be arrested and they were all nervous.

"The boy with the stop-sign held it so that it couldn't be read, and the officer bawled him out, and the boy became just like this horse when you were riding him. He was so afraid that he might do something wrong that he did most everything wrong.

"Later in the week, another officer came to direct traffic. He was a fine-looking young man, with a friendly smile. And he said to the boy with the stop-sign, 'Gee, I'm late. Guess I'll have to see the principal.'

"He's right in there," said the boy with the stop-sign.

"I'll go see him," said the officer, and the little boy laughed, and the officer walked down the corridor and got a drink and came back.

"Of course, the officer didn't have to see the principal and the boy knew that; but he liked the officer, because he talked about the things which the boy understood. They became pals, and the boy was at ease, and he wanted to do whatever the officer expected of him, and he did.

"Then when a little girl started to cross the street when she shouldn't have, the officer stepped up to her quickly and touching her gently he said, 'I would lose my job if you walked across the street now. You wouldn't want me to lose my job—would you?'

"No," said the little girl.

"And I wouldn't want you to get hurt," said the officer, and the little girl smiled and waited for the boy to blow his whistle and put his stop-sign out before she crossed the street.

"Yes, sir, horses are just like people. If you are kind to them, and understand them they like to obey you," concluded the groom.

—FRANK TOWNSEND

WE MIGHT AS WELL GO DOWN AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE MOSQUITOES

Down in a certain section of the city a tenant was much annoyed by mosquitoes. They bothered her and bothered her until she put up a yell to her landlady, to her landlady's daughter, to the agent for the house. One morning last week the daughter came to her and said: "I've poured kerosene on that fish pool back of the house, but don't tell mother." In the afternoon the mother came to her and whispered: "I've poured kerosene on that fish pool back of the house, but don't tell my daughter." That evening the real estate agent rang her up and said: "I've poured kerosene on that fish pool back of the house, but don't tell the owners."

We like the tenant of that house, too, and tonight we're going down there and pour—. Well, we won't tell you what.

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HULSEWES TO TELL ABOUT COUNTRY PARISH VISITS

The Rev. and Mrs. Carel Hulsewé will tell of their experiences in country parishes at the next meeting of the Carmel Missionary Society which will be held Tuesday afternoon, October 26, at 2:30 o'clock at the Community Church. The talk will illustrate part of the year's study "Rebuilding Rural America." Tea will be served by Mrs. Hulsewé, Mrs. Guy Jordan and Mrs. John W. Dickinson.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS sell odds and ends.

Spraying...

and

TERMITE CONTROL

Plantsmiths

P. O. Box 1093 • Carmel 617

Jinny's Fantails Fall Down Flume

Of all the silly things for angel-white fantail pigeons to do—fall down chimneys!

But they have. Virginia Stanton called us the other day and said as how both the Normandy Apartments livestock, in all their pristine glory, had tumbled to fireplaces below and wiped out their scintillating beauty. Now, somewhat ashamed and considerably grey, they survey each other morosely atop the chimney or flutter about from roof to roof in the neighborhood without that pomposity with which God endowed fantail pigeons.

The story begins with a family matter that bid fair to knock conjugal felicity into a cocked hat. The eggs didn't hatch. Papa blamed it on mama and mama blamed it on papa and the two principals, confined in the immediate vicinity of their cotes, were engaged in a controversy that gave rise to the fear of murder.

So they were released, given the freedom of the open air. It was then that they fell into pitfalls, generally speaking, into chimneys, to be specific.

Virginia thinks that time and tide which wait for no man, but have, sometimes, a cleansing influence, will eventually fade out the grey and return the original white, and in the meantime, the chimneys on the Normandy Apartments have been topped by chicken wire.

We forgot to inform you that the pair have been named Duke and Wally.

"Peer Gynt" Next McGaw-Knox Presentation

Those in the audience last Saturday night at the opening of the winter series of play readings by Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox, are already looking forward to the second of the series which will be Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" on November 20.

"Mary of Scotland," Maxwell Anderson's turbulent drama of the ill-fated Stuart who tangled with Queen Elizabeth, is a play particularly suited to the talents of the two readers. Anderson's poetic lines bear listening to with the minimum of stage activity which necessarily must be with only two persons on the stage to take all the parts. Miss Knox read the two parts of Elizabeth and Mary with a regal and feminine understanding of their significance. McGaw did a fine job with a large fistful of masculine roles. The simple settings, arranged by George Seideneck, were effective.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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CARMEL CAPERS

Approaching San Francisco from Oakland is truly exciting. One thrills to the bridge's soaring silvery steel and on a foggy morning, the skyline is an intricate pattern in gradations of grey, deeping toward the horizon. The city from this aspect has the majesty of a real metropolis. Anyway, metropolis or no metropolis, this column will of necessity concern itself chiefly with events in San Francisco, where we somewhat reluctantly spent the major portion of last week.

Thursday was the opening night of the Opera and, though we feel under no obligation to supply our public with musical criticism, we shall herein observe that we are truly a lover of fine opera. We like to see the newest, most intricate coiffures, the super-elegant evening gowns, the unhappy white-bosomed males—in fact, the only thing that really causes us consistently to absent ourselves from operatic opening nights is the fact that we react most unfavorably to singing and operatic music. We sincerely hope that some way will soon be found to remedy this slight defect so we can buy ourselves an orchid and a tiara and grace the opera instead of the night-clubs.

The period of our early youth was filled with cries of "votes for women," "equal rights," and with visions of militant marching females protesting their inevitable inferiority and femaleness.

Now the woman of Fall, 1937, by such pitiful devices as shirred bust lines, nipped in waists, and dominance and protective chivalry in the American male. Practically every second woman seen on the streets of San Francisco is fairly dripping and drooling with veils, which, besides being the most obvious anachronisms, are dangerous impediments to modern living.

Chinatown was seething with pickets who bore on their backs banners in Chinese and in English proclaiming against the purchase of goods manufactured by members of a certain very predatory and beligerent island tribe whose name we will politely leave you to guess.

Being probably more bored with the trip between San Francisco and Carmel than any other eight or nine people, we are always delighted when we discover some way to vary the utter monotony of taking always the same route. One such method, when one is not in a ter-

In and Out...of CARMEL SHOPS

HUSH! HERE'S A THRILL! Greta Garbo's in town. No fooling. She was down at John and Mita's Marionette Studio Thursday night and did she cause excitement? Oh, you thought I meant the Garbo in person. Well? She was quite a personality at that, this clever marionette that is more like Garbo than Garbo herself, if you get what I mean. And can she act? She will be at the Mountain View avenue studio next Thursday, too.

SURPRISE. I bet you didn't know that Mrs. Wick Parsons, in her Antique Shop in La Rambla Court, has samples of the most absolutely gorgeous Chintz and hand-blocked linens, as well as lovely old furniture and some rare pieces of silver. She will order for you when you make up your mind—if you can.

LISTEN, BOYS AND GIRLS—yes, and grown-ups, too. Did you ever get Monday mixed with Sunday? We did. Or at least we had a "Monday" on Sunday one day when it was hot. I know it sounds crazy, but just get Walt's Dairy to fix one the next time you're thirsty and watch the result. Yum!

WAS I DISGUSTED? I went to see that wood carver, one G. De Packh, just for a nice cozy little chat about "will you give us an ad this week?" or "how's business?" or things like that and all he would say was "Go 'way, I'm busy. I got to get some stock on hand for Christmas and orders are coming already for Christmas gifts and I'm up to my neck in work. Go 'way."

WE FEEL that the antique and the modern combine in exquisite harmony, but it must be done with discrimination.

At Tilly Polak's there is an antique Sheffield tray mirroring champagne-colored modern grapes of

crystal, flanked by two antique crystal compotes on silver bases. An old oval table is set with ultra-modern square crystal plates and solid crystal fruits on blue and white striped organdie.

The patina of old mahogany, the sparkle of new crystal.

YOU'D NEVER GUESS that Macbeth's has several things that cost under fifty dollars. Ah! but just listen to this one. Are you in need of a decanter for that bottle of before-dinner sherry? Macbeth's has a copy of an old one (looking like an old one, too), of pressed glass, with one of those large impressive tops for only \$2. Didn't I tell you?

YES, WE DO—have things for young girls as well as children, says Mrs. Vanderlip at the Jack and Jill in the Seven Arst Court. There are those flattering sweaters with the "jug" necks, edged with white angora—and, oh girls! those knitted berets made double, that are reversible and can be made to look like hats!

DON'T CROWD, GIRLS! At the Game Cock, that clever little shop of Mrs. Yates', (you'll know her by Domino, that dashing coach dog, who is her shadow) I saw a couple of the very latest knicknacks that were good-looking as well as useful. My pet was the de'don "Kitstick" with everything necessary for make-up when you're out on a party, eye shadow, lipstick and rouge, cleansing and foundation cream, all in a tricky little cylinder that fits into your purse. Oh yes, and have you seen those Schiaparelli angel pins and clips for your dress or hat, advertised in Vogue and Harpers? Trust Mrs. Yates' have the latest thing.

—M. R. S.

Citizens To Decide On Merit System Ordinance at Auditorium Tuesday

(Continued from Page One)

and the park and playground commission.

All clerks, stenographers, assistants in the various departments.

The proposed ordinance sets forth certain initial qualifications which must be met by applicants for appointive positions, but these provisions have been drawn in a manner which permits all present officers of the city to qualify for

examinations.

The ordinance committee of the Citizens' Committee, which accepted the initial draft of the ordinance to be presented to the mass meeting Tuesday included, Mrs. Howard Walters, chairman, Miss Clara G. Hinds, W. L. Overstreet, Ross C. Miller and W. K. Bassett. Frederick Bechdolt and E. A. H. Watson were ex-officio members of this committee.

rific hurry, is to travel the old El Camino highway which is pleasantly tree-lined and far less of a nerve-racking speed-way than the Bay Shore. Slightly south of Palo Alto, there is a very excellent little French restaurant where one can dine well and at leisure before recommencing the long trip home.

It is always pleasant to return to Carmel and we have never done so without finding a party in progress. This time was no exception as Beth Staley had gathered the town together for a taffy-pull. Since a

sudden self-consciousness has given rise to a series of beach parties, hay rides, treasure hunts, taffy pulls and every other ingenious method of party-throwing we have begun to fear that the old Carmel, where a party was instigated by a sole and simple bottle of gin, is perhaps irrevocably doomed.

—LIBBY LEY

Williams Resigns As Paid Fireman

(Continued from Page One)

Robert Leidig denies that there are grounds for any complaint and says that things are working smoothly. He makes no specific criticism of Williams, but denies that he is being treated unfairly.

What is believed to have brought Williams' dissatisfaction with his job to a head is the recent action of the council in granting him only one week vacation while at the same time Guth, the senior driver, was given two weeks. In answer to this complaint, an officer of the department declares that Guth only accepted the position on the understanding that he would receive the regular two-weeks' vacation this year that he has enjoyed for the dozen or more years he has been a regular employee of the city as a member of the police department. Williams, it was pointed out, was not a regular employee of the street department where he had worked at the time he was appointed a paid fireman last April, and had been working for the city for less than a year.

His friends in the department and out, however, declare that the fire department positions were two new jobs and that both Guth and Williams should start fresh in them, each entitled to the same consideration as to vacations.

Williams' friends also contend that he has not been treated fairly as to hours, working 14 hours to 10 for Guth. On the other hand, the department officer says that while Guth must spend his ten hours awake and on his feet during the day, Williams is permitted seven hours of sleep every night at the fire house.

However, that there is a growing rumble of discontent in the fire department is evident. It was started when Councilman Bernard Rowntree assumed that as commissioner of fire on the council he was to run the department and sent several peremptory orders to the firemen over his name.

He later apologized to the assembled firemen for this action and was told by Police Judge George Ross, whose opinion was asked and

paid for by the city, that outside of representing the department on the council he didn't have any more to do with it than Donald Duck.

Orders now go to the department signed by Fire Chief Leidig, but some of the men feel that Rowntree is still doing the bossing.

During Guth's vacation at present, Paul Funchess is taking his shift at the firehouse and it is possible that he will get the appointment as paid junior driver to fill the vacancy.

+ + +

Candy-pulling was in the order of the evening at Beth Staley's last Saturday. 110 (count 'em) greasy, burnt and sticky fingers in the pot were owned by Ray Burns (first assistant host), Adrienne Lillico, Betty Rae Sutton, Libby Ley, Dorothy and Rex Flaherty, Henry Dickinson, Ellen Skaden, Bill Nye, Ted Watson and Sam Colburn.

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CLANGING CYMBALS



When Shim Pye slipped his key noiselessly into the lock he felt like screaming. Funny, he thought, that only women are supposed to want to scream.

At sight of Patter asleep on their bed the scream subsided and Shim was washed over by those waves of glandular-emotional impulse that any fresh sight of his wife always set up in him. The misery of the day stole off in a corner, hiding for a moment. He leant back against the door and audibly formed her name. Patter. Patter Pye. But not loud enough to waken her. No. He took exquisite care of Patter.

Moments like this were Shim's real ecstasy. Patter asleep in his house. Safe. Safe from . . . well, from everything. Safe for him. His. He thought their shabby room untellably beautiful, it set her off so. Half-dark now, only one dim-mish light on. Patter herself in a faintly green glow, nightlike, infinitely touching. The heavy walls bore down their dinginess, but stopped short of her. Shim wouldn't have admitted to a soul how he loved to have it just like this—he could have taken a better room after selling those designs the other day—but this shabbiness harboring her beauty! That tickled Shim; quickened the little tentacles of jealous possession in which he so delicately, so timorously enfolded his love for Patter.

She looked really painfully desirable on that scrawny old bed that let down out of a closet. At peace, though she had been quite haggard of late and sometimes old, old. That, too, made him wild for her. It was like Patter to be able to juggle Time. To look fifty and then fourteen.

She looked fourteen now. She lay on her back, her fragile face quixotically framed by her thin kewpie hair, her large odd hands flat upwards on the bedspread. She was colorless, but even in this dim light Shim could feel that atmospheric movement about her pallor reminding him of crepuscular landscapes. Patter was a landscape; bigger than a person, with a more ready hidden life. Roots down; leaves that budded and died and fell and came to life again; series of constant changing bodies. Shim fell anew into subjection when he thought how Patter was. One of those unlimited women—yes, capable of being all things to all men. Yet all his. He saw to that.

When he moved a little farther into the room he could see the red bracelets. A white outrageous flame mounted in him and he wanted to kill. Not Patter. His friend Baxter Wunt, who'd given her the bracelets. Who'd sneaked behind his back and bought them for her while he, her husband, had wandered the streets all day trying to sell some more drawings; trying to scrape together money to feed and clothe her.

Even while he thought this, Shim knew it wasn't true. He knew he'd lost sight of the truth where Patter was concerned. He had wandered the streets in a feckless rage of fear that just this thing would happen. Baxter had asked him last evening if he might give Patter the bracelets she wanted so much for her birthday—the red ones she had clapped her hands over and made bold sly motions of her wrists and hips every time she looked at. Shim had meant to give them to her himself

—after he'd kept her in suspense a bit. He'd told Bax as much last night and then wandered off in his jealous impotence that another man could think of giving his wife anything; anything at all. He'd taken all day to get over the terrible thought of sharing Patter. And now

He felt that screaming sensation again and sat down quickly in the nearest chair. Oh God, oh God, oh God, OH GOD! But no sound came and after prodding his elbows into his ribs for a while he felt calmer and lit a cigarette.

But how the hell did Baxter get into the house? Shim's trembling fingers felt for his key—the only key there was. Hold on, he said to himself. Hold on, old man . . . don't go near her now . . . don't do anything you'll regret. When the evil cleared a little he thought of the slit in the door for the post. That was it, of course. Unsteadily, he took a light from his first cigarette in order not to disturb Patter with the flaring of a match.

Even while it made him a bit nauseated he forced himself to take a look at the bracelets. They lay casual and soft against the white wrists that ended so incongruously in those big hands of hers. He suddenly felt evilly fascinated by them. They were her own smouldering color, the sort of red he'd seen on her the first time. She was standing in a doorway and he'd come around a corner suddenly on to the Friedrichstrasse, just for a night stroll, and could see the hands: the long fingers playing with a string of red beads, moving slowly over and around them with a certain nervousness, a certain surety. He writhed, thinking. They were like these she wore now—big ones and small red droplets in the night. Odd shapes; odd dullish color. He'd gone by the doorway quickly, not wanting her, not meaning at all. But her small face flew at him through the dark plane trees, the cold rain coming on. He had run back to her. Seeing his quick American face, she'd held the hands, still twined in red, out into the rain. "It . . . it is . . . what you say it? . . . patter, ja?"

Queer stray English word in the dank German night. Patter. Patter Pye.

When he married her and brought her home to that old Yankee ironside, his mother enconced in her Connecticut fortress, it hadn't surprised Shim, much less Patter, that the old girl had simply snorted one of her rather remarkable snorts and called in her lawyer. Even now, tired and confused, Shim could smile at the snort, because, just at that moment one of the thoroughbreds being exercised in the yard, had sneezed. Shim had looked at his mother and said, Do it again, Mom, and that hadn't helped matters a whit. It had, in fact, inspired her remark that he hadn't the guts to hold a self-respecting woman of the streets.

Well, he'd held her all right. But now he had to do something about Baxter Wunt. Shim reached down and undid one shoelace. He'd sure given his dogs a beating today. Maybe he could think better with his shoes off. There. It did help. He began thinking the situation over carefully. A few weeks ago he'd bumped into Bax just outside the door and the fellow had practically invited himself in. They had been rather chums at Harvard. Baxter had fallen in love with Patter almost at once. Shim wasn't surprised. It was the reason he'd kept her away from other men. It

was the reason . . . Shim felt a gain for the key in his pocket. At the time, though, Shim had felt rather pleased than not at the situation. It titivated his pride, freshened up—if that were possible—his own pleasure in Patter, to see another man gyrating about for her benefit. Patter was so quiet and shy about it all, clinging close to Shim—closer than ever, he thought.

Well, yes, after all—what could that great hulk of an ex-football star have to do with a fragile sensitive little thing like Patter? When he teased her—crudely, Shim had thought—or manhandled her a bit in fun, harsh red signals came into her cheeks. After he'd gone, she'd be all peaked, unstrung. Secretly, Shim knew that was her way of showing the deep unspent life within her. Haggard, torn, welling around like a crater. Then he'd be very, very tender with her. At those times, thinking of Baxter Wunt, he went to excesses of tenderness with her. Made rituals of little things; taking off her shoes; arranging her thin burning hair. Until she would burst her volcano and pit fury against his continuing tenderness. Oh, it was a wonderful game and Bax a good pawn in it.

He supposed he'd been crazy to be so jealous of the chap. On a great while, in a second, he was frightened at the thought he even saw it in a comic. He'd make Patter send him back, and then give her her himself—after making her wait a bit.

Suddenly, it came to him what he could do to cure all this nonsense about Baxter Wunt. Now he could gaze at her and her red beads with a sort of smile. A fresh wave of passion for her gulped up in him when he thought how sweetly content she'd been these four years. Even his silly habit of locking her in while he was away was more a kind of joke to her than anything else, he felt. At first she'd been frightened to be left alone in New York. Then that had changed subtly and it was he afraid. Even when he was with her . . . men, men . . . the way they looked at her. So he'd kept up the habit. But why not? He'd given his whole life for her. Oh, gladly, gladly. He hoarded her, miserlike. Every look: the tender ones least, in a way. It was the special alchemizing of the precious distillate drops of fury, of hatred, of sly cunning from under her tropical eyelashes that shook the gates of Shim's inner self and made life vastly glorious. And her motions . . . muscle flow, swift drooped head, the terrible calamitous quiets. Her fits of flight from him when he would counter with that tender patience of his, stroking her, patting—feather by feather clipping her little wings. Leaving her helpless and nasty-looking and vengeful—screaming. Sheem, don't you effer tawch me again!

Oh, yes, he had kept Patter.

Tiptoeing to the bathroom, he did his chores there and stood in the doorway before putting on his pajamas, rubbing his aching back with the flats of his hands. Yes, he'd take her over to the Jersey farm—the old place his father had left him. A lonely spot, four or five miles from town. Slyly, he already began making pictures of her in the country. Busy in his kitchen. In his garden. Coming to him tired at night, drooping her hands and wrists over his face in that way of hers, the bracelets falling cold and hard on his hot cheeks.

He began trembling to think of it. To think of the red bracelets a part of Patter. So, a part of him. He suddenly felt a kind of adoration for them, as for her, any part of her. He couldn't contain himself. He had to wake her now. To kiss the white wrists. To feel the hard

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Heyou Blanding, the canine in lapis or, in other words, Don Blanding's blue-eyed Australian sheepdog, is very blue again because her master is off a-vagabonding once more without her. Heyou was acquired as the sole feminine member of the Blanding-Creager menage last Spring. When Don Blanding left the village for the paradise isles of the Pacific he left Heyou behind because he did not want to subject her to the four months of quarantine imposed on canine visitors to the Islands. So Heyou remained in Carmel and though she hadn't seen her master in all these months she found that he was little changed—but he found her grown almost beyond recognition.

Though she is a bit over-size, she has a sensitive soul and there was a tear in her blue eyes when Don Blanding took leave of her to follow the royal road to new adventures without her.

Aftermath of Jean Arthur's stay in Carmel:—The Protective League of the Under-dog nominates for membership Miss Arthur whose sweetness and kindness couldn't resist the forlorn little waif she found on the beach. She took him home and bathed and fed him and finally took him back with her to her Beverly Hills home. Was he a lucky dog!

Inky Walters is expecting several wee bundles from heaven sometime in November. She is quite thrilled because this will be her first family and she has great plans for them. Her master, Howard Walters, the KDON executive, has promised to put them all on the air in a skit entitled "Canine Capers, or the—(number to be filled in later) Little Walters and How They Grew."

Richelieu Oogood is a Saturday night problem child. Every Saturday she disappears because she just hates baths. Her Kerry Blue ancestors would roll their eyes in horror at such unheard-of behavior, for they were primarily water dogs and came from County Kerry in Ireland where they were very game in otter hunting. In spite of her background, Richelieu just hates baths and vanishes every Saturday until she thinks it is safe to return home.

It is a source of constant bewilderment to her that the five cats she has adopted insist on washing themselves every few minutes. A decided mental quirk, she thinks, in otherwise very nice cats.

The canine residents of the Highlands are awaiting with interest the

heads between his teeth.

It wasn't until he rubbed the back of his hand across his mouth and saw the blood on it that he actually screamed.

—LYNDA SARGENT

outcome of a triangle which gives promise of soon becoming a rectangle, for rumor has it that Minna Dougherty's master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty, are bringing her a husband from abroad. Minna, a long-haired dachshund, seems, however, to prefer Paddy Clevenger, her handsome neighbor, who belongs to Miss Lila Clevenger. But Tammy Dougherty, the cairn who is also a member of the Dougherty household, is very jealous of Paddy. Poor Minna is in a quandary—two men in her life are bad enough—but a third, and a foreigner at that, seems like a bit too much.

+ + +

Legion District Session Held In Watsonville

Delegates to the Thirteenth District meeting of the American Legion gathered in Watsonville last Sunday and, according to Commander Jonas Peterson of the Carmel Post, had an enthusiastic assembly. There were more than 300 delegates present including Commander Peterson, Col. R. R. Wallace, Captain Shelburn Robison, Fred McIndoe and Ray Moore from Carmel. Members of the Auxiliary of the various posts in the district were also there. Carmel was represented by Mrs. Fred McIndoe and Mrs. Ray Moore. The Thirteenth District comprises the territory between Palo Alto and King City and inland as far as San Jose.

Carmel Post of the Legion plans for a big Turkey Shoot and Barbecue on October 31 at the Point Lobos Dairy.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

This is allegedly a column about food so I suppose I shouldn't talk about the heavenly smell of that wheelbarrowful of grass cuttings as we went through Devendorf Park nor the playful puppy that chased the rusty-looking duck around the house, but I can't help remembering them as part of the fun of eating at Ella's Southern Kitchen. The rest of the pleasure was an excellent lunch for thirty-five cents which gave you your choice of soup or salad to begin with, and went on to a generous platter of braised breast of lamb, with potatoes, onions, carrots and celery (no danger of not getting your vegetable vitamins at Ella's!), tiny hot biscuits rich and crisp with shortening to eat with butter and honey, and a final course of baked apple and irreproachable coffee. That's what I call a good value and a delicious meal!

That same delightful Uncle Lorenzo, who used to send the crates of oranges from Florida to my chum's family when I was a little girl in Massachusetts, also kept them supplied with big sacks of raw peanuts. They were very tiny goobers, delicate in texture and flavor. When we wanted a change from sucking oranges we would get a panful of peanuts and put them into the oven to roast. Those were the times when a good coal fire burned in the kitchen range from morning till night except on the hottest days, and an oven was practically always available. I shudder to recall now the times we went off to play and forgot the peanuts until they were burned to charcoal! But when we managed to keep our minds on it and removed the pan at just the right moment we certainly were richly rewarded by hot roasted peanuts of a never-to-be-forgotten fragrance and taste.

The way cellophane has permeated into every department of living is simply amazing. I wonder sometimes how we ever got along without it and what will be the next trick they do with it. Now you can get little round pieces specially treated, called "Jiffy-Seals." Their primary purpose is for sealing jelly and jam glasses and the advantage is that it does away with the necessity of any paraffin! That certainly is a time and temper saver! Jiffy-Seals are fine little things to keep on hand to use in other ways, too, such as covering sauce dishes of food in the refrigerator or sealing cut halves of oranges or grapefruit.

It was a long, hard pull filling my first book of green trading stamps, but better days are here! There are three places in Carmel where you can get them with your purchases now; Stella's and Bonham's have been handing them out for some time; the newest is the Mission Market. And that means both sides of the middle aisle—whether you buy pot roast from Mr. Weaver or spinach from Mr. Decker.

I could hardly wait to take my first bookful of green stamps over to Pacific Grove to see what exciting present I might exchange it for. I had quite determined that it should be something frivolous for my personal use. Hadn't I been the one to accumulate those stamps with patience and persistence? But when I got to the premium store and took a good look around I couldn't seem to find an article which just exactly

fitted the rather hazy idea I had had of something "frivolous for personal use." There were some there, perhaps, but mostly they required more than one bookful of stamps. After rejecting umbrellas, small suitcases, electric clocks and such-like, I decided finally not to decide. At least, not to decide that day. I went back home and resigned myself to the fact that the only things that really appealed to me—at one bookful of stamps—could not be regarded as other than useful. After a week or so of weighing the relative merits and desirability of an electric sandwich toaster and a set of Glasbak, I went across the hill and acquired the latter. And I still think I made a good decision, even if it isn't exactly a frivolous choice. Anyhow, I got a swell set of baking dishes: a big rectangular dish which can be used to bake cake in or any casserole type of food which doesn't need to be deep; a wire frame just fitting it holding six fine little custard cups; and a big-deep casserole baking dish with a shallow round plate, which can be used either as the cover for the deep dish or as a pie plate. That's nine separate pieces of Glasbak! Pretty good.

Seeing cranberries on sale reminds me of a delicious cranberry and orange relish my sister makes. You put 2 cups of cranberries and 2 oranges through the meat grinder, using the fine chopper. The oranges aren't peeled, but have seeds removed and are cut just small enough to go into the grinder. Then you add a cup of sugar and let the mixture stand a few days before using. Isn't that simple? It's delicious served on a lettuce leaf with meat, or mixed with cream cheese on crackers.

Any reader who follows this column has probably gathered the idea that I have a weakness for a certain Dr. Chase. And you wouldn't be far wrong. In fact, if I had to choose one volume to accompany me to a bookless desert isle I am almost sure I should take Dr. Chase's Recipes, or Information for Everybody, published (the 22nd edition) in 1865. There is entertainment and food for thought on every one of its 384 pages, to say nothing of the valuable help it would be in emergencies.

Something about the doctor's choice of words and phraseology gives a charm to his writing not to be found in the scientifically accurate and business-like directions of the modern school cookbooks. For instance, if you want "Candy Perfectly White," Dr. Chase's recipe tells you to use "Best coffee sugar 2½ lbs.; the nicest syrup 1½ pts.; boil very carefully, until when tried as above it crimps like egg shells, or flies like glass; then draw and work upon the hook until very white."

"Tried as above" means the directions given in molasses candy which are as follows: "... when you have dipped your hand in cold water and passed one or two fingers through the boiling candy and immediately back to the cold water, what adheres, when cold, will crush like dry egg shells, and does not adhere to the teeth when bitten."

You might try this some day—if you can decide where to get the best coffee sugar and the nicest syrup.

—CONSTANT EATER

How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? \$1.

Girl Scouts Will "Live" in Carmel Garage Window

Tomorrow morning at 10:30 the Carmel Girl Scouts will have a living window exhibit or demonstration in the windows of the Carmel Garage on the corner of San Carlos and Ocean. As a part of scouting publicity all over the Peninsula, the different troops will show the passing public that they know how to do other things than take hikes and tie knots. Troop No. 1 will have the window from 10:30 to 11 o'clock and will act out different phases of scouting. From 11 to 11:30, Troop No. 2 will give a picturization of how a Girl Scout gets all those nice bright badges she wears on her sleeve. In Monterey the girls may be seen in the Community Chest window on Alvarado street and in Pacific Grove in the vacant store just below the Safeway Store on Forest avenue.

The Girl Scouts in the "Living Windows" in Carmel are:

Troop No. 1—Beverley Douglas, Charlotte Townsend, Dorothy De Amaral, Margaret Wishart, Joan Newman, Dorothy Black, Patricia Shephard, Ernestine De Ford, Laurel Bixler, Patty Ann Ryland, Frances Passalunig, Martha Rico, Marilyn Strasburger, Helen Wetzel, Margot Coffin, Ruth Burrows, Zada Martin, Aline Quinn and Leader—Miss Nadine Fox.

Troop No. 2—Barbara Bolin, Barbara Bodley, Mary Brown, Marie Carmen Elizalde, Lillis Harris, Clara Joy Hitchcock, Phyllis Jones, Cynthia Klein, Noreen Kelsey, Jewel Moody, Vivian Ohm, Donna Phillips, Ann Pierce, Mary Ada Torras, Suzanne Watson and Leaders—Miss Mary Jane Hewley, Miss Estelle Mack and Miss Jean Hollingsworth.

First-Aid Class Starts Monday

At the club rooms in Carmel Fire station next Monday evening at 7:30, first-aid classes will be inaugurated by Dr. Claude I. Peters, special representative of the American Red Cross.

Eighteen members of our local volunteer rescue squad, in charge of the ambulance, have already pledged attendance. A number of the members of the State highway patrol in this district will also enroll for the course. The state authorities have recently issued an order making it compulsory for the officers to obtain first-aid certificates.

Other interested adults can enroll for the course, which will comprise two weeks' intensive study, two hours each evening. Red Cross headquarters, Dolores street, will receive enrollments up to next Monday.

Some day, when Carmel's efficient city government is pointed to with pride by us, and with envy by other cities, you can smite your chest and say you helped to make it so—if you attend the "merit system ordinance" mass meeting at Sunset Auditorium next Tuesday night.

NOW

40
IN CARMEL
MEANS
TAXI

Telephone 49 and experience real Taxi Service DAY or NIGHT
Authorized Greyhound Information

Lee Gives Data On Red Cross

"We are responsible to the people of Carmel for the expenditure of Red Cross dollars," Chairman C. W. Lee of Carmel Chapter told the members of the advance subscription committee at its meeting on Monday. A summary of how the subscriptions of Carmel citizens had been expended during the past year for welfare work in this district was given for the enlightenment of the committee and the public as well.

Cooperation of the doctors in many needy cases was found most valuable and especial efforts have been made to see that undernourished children and babies were given sufficient milk and food. The aged also have had special attention under the supervision of Miss P. Leslie King, case worker.

It was disclosed that during the year \$229.30 had been expended for drugs, \$13 for doctors; nursing, \$391.72; hospitalization, \$349.20; dentistry, \$229.64; milk for babies and undernourished children, \$744.66; family and individual rehabilitation, \$123.25; first-aid, \$24.60; foods, \$476.02; miscellaneous, \$404.87; flood relief and national membership, \$3657.11.

The ambulance purchase and maintenance is not included in these figures.

Members of the advance subscription committee comprise James L. Cockburn, chairman; Herman S. Grossman, Whitney Palache, Gustave Laumeister, Col. T. B. Taylor, William Dekker, Mrs. S.

A. Trevett, Mrs. Alfred Matthews, Mrs. Herbert John Moore, Miss Clara G. Hinds. This committee will approach some of the important donors in the district prior to the opening of the November Roll Call. The local budget, including welfare department and memberships, has been placed at \$3850.

+ + +

Miss Orré Haseltine of Carmel Valley was appointed editor of the official bulletin of the California League of Women Voters last Saturday. The appointment was confirmed by Mrs. Carl L. Voss of Salinas, new state president.

Other appointments made at the same time include Mrs. Doris Haney Jones of Santa Monica, government and its operations; Llewellyn Toland of San Francisco, government personnel; Mrs. Paul Eliel, retired state president, government and economic welfare, and Mrs. Malbone Graham of Santa Monica, government and foreign policy.

+ + +

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS have a way about them.

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A suggestion for a perfect dinner...

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Half A Broiled Lobster... Or
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35 CENT
LUNCH

11:00 TILL 2:30

Soup or Salad
Fresh Vegetable • A Meat Dish
Hot Biscuits and Honey
Coffee and Dessert

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WE GIVE S. AND H.
GREEN TRADING STAMPS

WEAVER'S MISSION MARKET
OCEAN BET. SAN CARLOS AND MISSION

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with Turkey, Chicken or Ham

For Reservations for Parties Call Monterey 8970, 18th and Lighthouse, P.G.

A LETTER TO MR. JAMES A. FARLEY ABOUT HIS CARMEL POST OFFICE

(Continued from Page One)

ular grievances, may I tell you that over a period of three weeks, since publication of the news that the assistant postmaster had been demoted, I have had poured into my editorial lap enough complaints about Carmel Post Office service to call for a federal investigation. This is no idle talk; this is a fact. And they have been unsolicited complaints. I have a feeling that if I went out collecting them I wouldn't have much time for anything else. These complaints have run the gamut of post office inefficiency from the placing of the wrong mail in the wrong boxes to the failure to collect mail from the drop box in front of the post office and dispatching it. They have included improper delivery of special delivery letters, forwarding of important mail back to the senders when the addressees have been living for considerable time in the district, unexplained delay in the delivery of important mail to addressees, continual delivery of plainly addressed mail to other than the addressees, persisting confusion of names when the spelling has been similar but the patrons both well known to post office employees.

If you care to have details about these complaints, I will contribute the vast publicity which THE CYMBAL affords to get the complaining witnesses to enumerate their troubles.

As for my own case, just listen to this:

Two weeks ago I was informed by letter that a parcels post package was being sent me. Forthwith, and according to your regulations, a card was placed in my box. Swell!

Four days later I received a letter telling me that four more similar packages were being sent me. Forthwith—no card in my box. I waited a day and then, with the stress of duties (you'd never believe how much stress; I'm almost as busy as you are) I forgot about the packages.

Four days later another letter, telling me that two more similar packages were being sent. Then I remembered about the other four. I dropped into your Carmel post office and inquired of your postmaster ("mistress," if you're finicky) and it developed that my six packages had been kicking around the back room of your Carmel post office for several days. In fact, this was a Thursday, and four of those packages had arrived the preceding Sunday.

There is a humorous side to this. Two of your inspectors had been messing around your Carmel post office for days. They had, probably, been stepping over and around my parcels post packages in the back room. They, surely, had been cursing the things—lying around there for four or five days.

But I couldn't wait for completion of the investigation set in motion. I had to get back to the office. Two or three hours after returning I received a telephone message from your postmistress informing me that the two inspectors were at fault. That they had put a new parcels post system into effect, and that they, themselves, had distributed the cards to the boxes and had evidently forgotten mine. She said one of her clerks had so informed her.

This was too good to be true. You'll admit it was good. I thanked the mistress. I told her that was swell news. You know: "Postal inspectors ball up parcels post delivery in Carmel post office." Good lead to a story in any man's newspaper.

I rolled this around on my tongue and then went out on other business. I hadn't been in the office of the city clerk more than five minutes when a telephone call came there for me. I was informed that I would be waited on outside the city clerk's door by an employee of the post office. I was. Rather excitedly I was told that the postmistress had been mistaken; that the clerk had not said the inspectors were to blame. That she, the clerk, was to blame; had apparently forgotten to put the card in my box. Quite apparently that suggested headline: "Postal inspectors ball up, etc." didn't visualize so well with the local post office.

However, I forgot it all and went on about my work. No card ever did appear in my box, but I suppose it was thought I had been notified enough by then. I got the packages.

That was last Thursday. Now comes this last Monday.

Of course, you must realize that THE CYMBAL enjoys the admittedly rare privilege of being "second-class mail." And anyone who knows THE CYMBAL knows that that "second-class" has no derogatory connotation, and you know that it is a privilege only very nice publications do have, or should have.

I try very hard to live up to all the rules and provisions of Section 520, P. L. & R. I do up my outside mail packages so neatly you'd think I worked in a drug store. I label them so specifically you'd think I was a prescription clerk in that drug store. I kept my addressograph ribbon up to snuff so that my local and outside mail addresses are clear and black. I get my bundles into your Carmel post office promptly, somewhere between midnight and 3 o'clock every Friday morning.

Well, last Monday afternoon about 1:45 o'clock I was stopped on our main street by a subscriber and caustically asked: "Did you get out a paper last week?"

That was tough to take, and you'll admit it. If you knew past history of Carmel and THE CYMBAL, you'd know how much it hurt.

I rushed to the post office with fire in my eye. I demanded to know. You'd be surprised what that demand to know accomplished, or started to accomplish. It unearthed the fact, in the first place, that my subscriber's name appeared bold and bright above two boxes in your Carmel post office. Maybe they shake dice as to which one they put his mail in, I wouldn't know.

My query as to which one my subscriber's CYMBAL was put into last week brought the surprising fact that it hadn't been put into either. But where was it? That started a search, and finally the postmistress appeared with my subscriber's CYMBAL. It bore bore my addressograph address and beside it a pencilled notation that the box

had been changed. All right, I was glad to know that. But why wasn't I told before, and why wasn't THE CYMBAL put in the new box?

I was told that it could not be so done until slips had been made out telling me of the change.

I caught at that word "slips." It had an "s" on it.

"Are there any more of them?" I asked tremulously.

"Oh, yes."

And you can believe me or not, Mr. Farley, the postmistress went back into your Carmel post office and returned with NINE copies of THE CYMBAL in her hands, nine papers for which nine subscribers had paid, nine subscribers who had, I discovered later, wanted THE CYMBAL so badly that when they didn't find it in their boxes on the previous Friday, bought it on the streets from news boys or girls. And this was Monday and still I had not been notified.

So, when I was shown these nine papers, I blew up, and I said things. I am afraid that I said them loud, as is my fashion. But if you don't say I was justified in saying them, and saying them loud, you're not the Jim Farley I thought I knew, or knew about. You never elected a president with direct action. You are somebody else.

There's my story, and what do you think of it? Imagine, a perfectly good P. L. & R.-abiding newspaper being treated like that, right in its own home town. And what about the subscribers? I'm not such a fool as to think that the second-class privilege is granted a newspaper to help the newspaper so much as it is to make it easier for subscribers to get it. It's an act to benefit the public. And in the matter of THE CYMBAL it benefits the public no end, whether the postmaster of your Carmel post office thinks so or not, or whether she will think so from now on.

But it is not on just THE CYMBAL's troubles, I want you to act, Mr. Farley; it's on the troubles of about everybody who uses the Carmel post office. The place is in a deplorable state and something should be done about it.

I don't pretend to know what is at the root of all the trouble. The postmaster blames it onto everybody else, and everybody else blames it onto the postmaster.

Suppose you send one of your best men to find out about it; better still, trek back here and find out for yourself. Because, just to put a bug in your ear, Carmel is getting pretty damned mad about it.

—W. K. BARNETT

Pine Cone-Tide Gang Up On Us

(Continued from Page One)

aging 36, except to a half-dozen pioneer advertisers who get a 30-cent rate.

And THE CYMBAL circulation goes steadily and exasperatingly up, warranting the advertising rate and soon, an increase in it.

It all comes of making a better mouse-trap way over here on San Carlos street behind the little gate.

Also amusing in the camp of the enemy are the past week's antics of THE Californian. Bill Irwin, its editor pro tem, announced in the current issue his farewell and that of his staff, even of the publishers. The paper had been sold. To whom, or what? To the Pine Cone. Our friend Gould of the Tide was said to be in on that, too. There was to be a three-way gang-up against THE CYMBAL.

Then, that fell through sometime during Tuesday night and Irwin was told to gather his staff together again and get out another issue.

But it won't be printed in Monterey; that is, not at the Herald's job plant. Probably at the Pine Cone, if at all.

We offered to buy THE Californian, but were turned down. We offered a reasonable sum for its public utilities advertising contracts for the next six weeks, and deducting this from the liability of a few hundreds of dollars taken in on those automobile contest subscriptions, we agreed to take it over along with about 400 smackers to boot—and put it out of its misery.

Marie Short gave a birthday party for Craig Short and John Todd last Saturday. John went up to Woodside for the affair by train and came back to Carmel Sunday.

+

If the municipal tangle is to be straightened out in Carmel, you will have to do it. Attend the "merit system ordinance" mass meeting at Sunset Auditorium next Tuesday night.

CARMEL THEATRE

TELEPHONE CARMEL 282

Thursday, Friday, Oct. 21, 22

Francis Lederer, Madeleine Carroll

IT'S ALL YOURS

Donald Woods, Ann Dvorak in The Case of the Stuttering Bishop

Saturday, October 23

Peter Lorre, Thomas Beck in

THINK FAST MR. MOTO

Loretta Young, Don Ameche in Love Under Fire

Sun., Mon., Tues., Oct. 24, 25, 26

Sonja Henie, Tyrone Powers in

THIN ICE

Wednesday, October 27

Claire Trevor, Sally Blane in

ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN

Also Ten-O-Win

Thursday, Friday, Oct. 28, 29

Claude Rains, Gloria Dickson in

THEY WON'T FORGET

Mickey Rooney, Anne Nagel in Hooray Schoolboy

MEAGHER & CO.

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39 inch "Crepe Adeline"

Special 69 cents a Yard

An excellent quality non-slip print in new designs and colors— attractive in appearance—crush-resistant—washable, fast colors—a very desirable material for both the dress and blouse

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37 inches Long • 24 inches Deep

\$50.00 Cash

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With Arms

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It...
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
IN

Whitney's

YOU HAVEN'T DONE
CARMEL

+
In the heart of the village
... in more ways
than one

+
BREAKFAST • LUNCH
DINNER

Liquor... if
you like

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

The other night, while feeding on turkey washed down with champagne of 1926, we told a lady from Beverly Hills or Santa Barbara, I forget which, about school children who didn't know what cows or sheep are, who had never seen the hills, or heard the waters of a running stream.

It was Frank Work who really started it all, with his poem about the child who had never seen a cow.

That such children really existed seemed something new to the luxurious lady, begemmed at that, was obvious. After a polite pause, in which she appeared to concentrate, she said:

"Really, how interesting it is to know how the other side lives!"

And that was that.

+

One of those horrible picture magazines, which are tending to do away finally with those people who work their lips when they read, *Look*, has displayed new pictures on the itinerant farm labor problem, illuminated last year for readers of the *San Francisco News* by John Steinbeck. They remind us poignantly of the situation right at our doors.

So does the Community Chest campaign with radio talks telling of the poverty in the homes on our peninsula. We are rather apt to think that it doesn't exist here, but every time the cannery whistles blow their coded messages they blow happiness and hope into some hearts.

Of course, one way to eliminate this situation "at our doors" is to eliminate cannery row and the Monterey waterfront as a commercial factor, and then we'd only have 'homes' of the 'idle' rich.

And that, some people in these parts admit, would be rather 'nice.'

+

The President's radio talk, this week's, was timely, inasmuch as he spoke on charity at a time when the stock market was having another earthquake. His speech indicated, according to the interpretation, that charity was going to take the place of the dole—or the budget would never balance again.

That budget balancing by the government is rather like the balancing of a combined budget of the country's inhabitants.

It would soon be shown that practically every American family was operating at a loss.

It would be shown that the laboring families over any fair period of time were operating at a distinct loss, and should therefore do what businesses do, eventually shut down.

Years ago they called it "race suicide." It was a grand idea in the era before the war, but it didn't work. There were always enough people too ignorant or too lustful or too full of the love of life and

labor to stop having children. By the rules of nature, those are the ones that survive, and by those rules America has been a changing.

But we are still operating at a loss, even those with wealth, who find only too quickly, once they put on their thinking cap, that they are "on the skids," that money is not security, that plenty is not security, that strength or intelligence is not security, not even youth is security.

Our budget as a country of persons is similar to our budget as a nation, which at last is an honest, or more or less honest, reflection of the state of our affairs.

+

With every airplane crash, such as the one early this week which took nineteen lives, and another yet unborn, we are reminded what a hysterically travel-minded race we are.

We came over on windships and steamships and once here only in scattered places took temporary root. Those of us who have been able to get away from the grindstone have travelled.

It is a national hobby, like flower clubs in England, or fencing in Germany, or bull fights in Spain before the flood of blood reached the top of the dam. I have been across this continent thirteen or fifteen times, to Japan and Central America, and where am I?—just a few hundred miles from where I started and right where I found roots.

These air tragedies are but the accents upon the high crescendo of travel. And in them we find people who are rushing back and forth between Junior's cold in San Francisco and granny's funeral in Boston and Brother Bill's divorce or marriage in Minnesota, and a social call in Long Beach. Or a prospective mother not content with the dangers of the home doctor during the dangers of the air to go to a specialist a thousand miles away—and falling with a thousand regrets out of the air.

So I'm forming a club with a slogan of "Stay on the ground with Lloyd." (P.S.—I'm scared of highways, too. Give me the open sea where I'm my own worst enemy.)

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THE WESTERN EDUCATIONAL FORUM BEGINS SERIES OF PROGRAMS ON RADIO

The Western Educational Forum began its series of 13 programs Tuesday of this week over radio station KGO. The programs which are sponsored by NBC are of educational value to both parents and teachers and are to be given the first and third Tuesdays of every month from now until May from 4 to 4:30 p.m. The talks are a basis for study and information on the building of an improved educational program.

Lectures through the rest of this year include November 2, "The Psychologist Examines the Curriculum"; November 16, "Social Needs Challenge the Curriculum"; December 7, "Life Values and Educational Goals."

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UNIVERSITY WOMEN VISIT OUR ART GALLERY

Members of the Monterey Peninsula branch of the American Association of University Women met at a dinner at the Golden Bough Room of the Blue Bird last Wednesday evening. The program for the evening included a visit to the Carmel Art Association Gallery where Janie Otto, curator, spoke on the "Art Resources of the Monterey Peninsula" and the members were privileged to examine art examples in the Gallery. Mrs. Webster Street is president of the local branch.

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

The pupils of Arthur Hull's seventh grade are taking their geography in the easiest doses these days. Starting Wednesday they had their first lesson from the American School of the Air on Alaska with particular reference to the American colony there.

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Yesterday afternoon after school the faculty of Sunset School was entertained at a teachers' party given by the Foods Class which is under the supervision of Mrs. Helen Poulsen.

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Today's assembly will be a Student Body meeting at 11:20 in the Auditorium. Next Friday morning in Mrs. Bernita Ninneman's, Bernice Riley's and Mrs. Lilly C. Trowbridge's rooms will give a dramatization of Nursery Rhymes.

+

Intra-mural basketball games got under way at Sunset last Monday. The five teams will play almost every day from now until November 5 to establish the champion. The winning team will receive "stars" and the captain a small Block "S." The five teams are:

Beavers—Don Morton, Baird Bardarson, Irving Williams, Jimmy Handley, Junior Levinson, Kent Whitcomb, John Todd and John Osgood.

Huskies—Dick Uzzell, W. Lang, J. Welsh, A. Gearing, E. Pasmalique, J. Kelsey, J. Murphy and A. Jones.

Cougars—Kenneth Jones, Jack Leidig, John Wood, Bob Gansel, H. Gottfried, Frank Schmidt, M. Hansen and T. Wipalov.

Trojans—Gordy Miyamoto, Alfred Woo, Bob Morton, Alan Cobbe, T. Raygoza, J. Mayes, B. Plein and R. Bowen.

Bears—Howard Levinson, Arthur Hatley, Dick Pelton, R. Smith, J. Reichert, Shim Kuster, Bill Munroe, T. Wilson and E. Jordan.

Arthur Hull is coach.

+

Since the opening of school, the Sunset School library has been increased with a considerable number of new books. These include the following titles:

Bachelor, "A Boy for the Ages"; Grodin, "All the Year Round"; Salt, "Mighty Engineering Feats"; Porter-Hansen, "The Pond Book" and "Fields and Fencerows"; Ah Hu and Ying Hwa, "Our Little Friends in China"; Wilson & Erb, "Ways of Living in Many Lands," "Where Our Ways of Living Come From," "Richer Ways of Living," "Youth Studies Alcohol," "Little Pictures of Japan," "Nursery Friends from France," "Tales Told in Holland," "Picturesque Tales of Progress," and an eight-volume set, beautifully printed and illustrated, published by The Bookhouse for Children, and the same type as the regular "Bookhouse" set.

During the summer about 125 additional volumes were purchased for the library.

+

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS take care of the baby when mother wants to play bridge.

Mc DONALD DAIRY

SAN CARLOS NEAR OCEAN

Morning and ... Evening Delivery

FULL LINE DAIRY PRODUCTS

Ices & Ice Cream Delivered on Call

Telephone Gene at Carmel 700

Menu at Sunset Next Week

October 25 to 29

MONDAY

Soup—Cream of Pimiento.
Salad—Banana and Pineapple.
Hot Dish—Vegetable Stew.
Vegetable—Spinach.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

TUESDAY

Soup—Tomato Bouillon.
Salad—Molded Fruit.
Hot Dish—Baked Lima Beans and Bacon.
Vegetable—Succotash.
Dessert—Caramel Pudding.

WEDNESDAY

Soup—Split Pea.
Salad—Blushing Pear.
Hot Dish—Tagliarini.
Vegetable—Peas and Carrots.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

THURSDAY

Soup—Alphabet.
Salad—Carrot and Peanut Butter.
Hot Dish—Tomato Stew.
Vegetable—Artichokes.
Dessert—Jello, Cookies.

FRIDAY

Soup—Vegetable.
Salad—Tomato Squares.
Hot Dish—Creamed Tuna and Noodles.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

+

Intermittent flare-ups of protest against the way your city is being run don't get far in permanent improvement. The "merit system ordinance" will correct the present evils in city government. Attend the mass meeting at Sunset Auditorium next Tuesday night.

BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER

and ... a spiffy tap room

SADE'S
CARMEL-ETA INN



THE BLUE BIRD

and the GOLDEN BOUGH ROOM for parties

BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER
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At 8 o'clock at the Pine Inn



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Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1267. Business licenses, 261. Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Sandra Van Brouwer. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wernholm, Roy Fruties, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 770. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block

south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carl Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

THEATERS

Filmarte. West side of Monte Verde street, between American and foreign. Two shows in evening, 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday, 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkley, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Grayhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, A. M. 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P. M. 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel: A. M. 9:00, 11:20. P. M. 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4177. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Grayhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, A.M. 7:50, 9:35. P.M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M. 9:00, 10:55. P.M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A.M. 8:55. P.M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A.M. 10:25, 11:15. P.M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

THINGS TO COME

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MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Francis Lederer and Madeleine Carroll in "It's All Yours" and Donald Woods and Ann Dvorak in "The Case of the Stuttering Bishop." Saturday, Peter Lorre and Thomas Beck in "Think Fast, Mr. Moto" and Loretta Young and Don Ameche in "Love Under Fire." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in "Thin Ice." Wednesday, Claire Trevor and Sally Blane in "One Mile from Heaven." Thursday, Friday, Claude Rains and Gloria Dickson in "They Won't Forget" and Mickey Rooney and Anne Nagel in "Hoosier Schoolboy."

Filmarte. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two performances at 7 and 9. Matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight and Saturday, Janet Gaynor, Fredric March and Adolphe Menjou in "A Star Is Born." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins in "The Woman I Love." Wednesday and Thursday, Walter Huston in "Rhodes, Empire Builder."

DRAMA

Golden Bough Green Room. Saturday and Sunday, October 30 and 31. "By Candlelight," a Ted Kuster production, San Francisco cast. Tickets at Stanford's.

MASS MEETING

Tuesday, October 26, at 2 p.m. in Sunset Auditorium to discuss "merit system" ordinance.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT

Starting October 30, to run for 10 days, exhibit of prints by Carmel Camera Club at Johan Hagemeier's Studio, Ocean and Mountain View. Open from 2 to 5 o'clock.

ADULT EDUCATION

Pottery and Woodwork. Sunset School Shop. Mondays 7 to 9 p.m. Dressmaking and Homemaking. Sunset School lunch room, Wednesdays, 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Rhythmic Exercises, Sunset School Gymnasium, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Diction, Voice and Effective Reading, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Art Room. Psychology of Everyday Living, Mondays, 7:30 to 9:15 p.m., Third Grade room. Spanish, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., Second Grade room. Americanization, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m., Third and Fourth Grade room downstairs. Classes in book-binding, Life Drawing, Portrait drawing, Commercial work, Shop, Music, Recreation and Swimming at Monterey Union High School. For further information call Monterey 6980. No entrance fee.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

ART CLASSES

Sketch classes every Monday evening 7:30 to 9:30 at Stove Pipe Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth. No instruction. No visitors. Anyone interested in two hours sketching from a model is invited to the sessions.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BUILD A NEW HOME—You select your own plan and arrange for the builder. Select any unsold site in the Mission Tract. We will arrange for financing the entire cost of lot and house. Initial payment 20 per cent of total cost, balance monthly. For further information see Carmel Realty Company, Las Tiendas Building on Ocean Avenue. (17)

CARMEL POINT—One of the few fine parcels of six lots left intact—the Dr. Lane property—unobstructed Valley View—faces both Carmelo & Rio Ave.—Comfortable house on 2 lots leaving balance of property for development. Priced for immediate sale. See Carmel Realty Company or Thoburns, Ocean Avenue. (16)

ROBLES DEL RIO. For sale. Half-acre and small cottage. Sacrifice for quick sale. \$850. Address Box L-15, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (11)

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT—To one or two adults. Charming modern cottage with garage. Phone 799 or 931.

PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

WANTED URGENTLY—Room and board for girl, 23 years old. Very little care required. Call Miss King, Carmel 382. (17)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (11)

JOBS WANTED

STENOGRAPHER wants whole or part-time work, or as bookkeeper. Capable of managing an office. Address Box L-16, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (11)

EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (11)

SECRETARIAL WORK—Typing, stenography, bookkeeping, clerical work, hourly or part time. At your office or mine. Educated, experienced woman. P. O. Box 943, Phone 197-W. (11)

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

FOR SALE

Miscellaneous

LOVELY ORIENTAL royal matted rug. Size 10x14. Excellent condition. Anne Michels, Carmel 633-W.

"BY CANDLELIGHT" TO BE PLAYED HERE NEXT WEEK

Ted Kuster was in town this week making the final arrangements for the Carmel engagement of the San Francisco Golden Bough Players at the Golden Bough Green Room here for the nights of Saturday and Sunday, October 30 and 31. The play will be "By Candlelight," Siegfried Geyer's delightful comedy of old Vienna. Kuster directed the same piece in Carmel two years ago in May just before the original Golden Bough Theater burned down. The cast for the production includes Deane Willoughby, Edward Girgi, Walter Fell, Maurice Dee, Shelagh Gulde, Frank Beckman, Edward Kuster and Gabrielle Kuster.

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Paul and Paula Dougherty sail for home a week from today. They will spend some time in Canada before returning to Carmel.

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Certainly the way Carmel's government is being run today doesn't present a rosy vista for the future. Help paint the picture brighter by attending the "merit system ordinance" mass meeting at Sunset Auditorium next Tuesday night.

New & Used Stoves	O'Keefe-Merritt Gas Circulators	Kitchen Ranges
NOAH'S ARK		
Oil Stoves	221-FOREST AVENUE TELEPHONE 4898 PACIFIC GROVE	Wood Heaters

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NOW IS THE TIME TO CHANGE

During the colder days of Fall and Winter the transmission and differential of your car should be drained, flushed and refilled with the proper grade of winter lubricant in order to eliminate wear and give you ease in shifting gears

AT THE TWO

SHELL STATIONS

IN CARMEL

J. E. Harris
Seventh & San Carlos

Ken's
Fifth & San Carlos

THIS THING AND THAT

The fine young men sat in the pungent blue blaze. A crazy flare from the stubby black wick burning at the top of a fat tallow candle altered perspectives, though not unpleasantly.

The table of wood became enormous, of indefinable outline. The single window to the street was turned to blue-black like limitless space. The one spot which gave upon a realistic world, an open door to the larger room where everyday folk drank and rubbed gregarious elbows—this was a faint and ridiculous blob of light which trembled with the candle's guttering and appeared to the fine young men, when they noticed it at all, blessedly remote.

Allan, who had decided to be a major poet, blew elegant rings from pursed red lips. Opposite him sat Clark who frequently admitted the surging in his blood of world-shattering musical genius; at the moment he dallied handsomely with a tall foam-collared glass. Hal, the dancer, had tipped his chair until his golden head rested against the edge of the broad shelf under the window. Thus propped, looking like a wall decoration carved there from all time, Hal smiled drowsily at his own long graceful legs. Beyond the flare of the candle there was no more strenuous motion in the room than the wavering progress of the smoke-rings away from Allan's well-formed lips.

"The man of genius," said Allan, "unfolds from within. His ideas are not cross-fertilized by the ideas of lesser men. It is sheer waste of time for a person like myself to mix in community life or worry about international politics. These so-called men of action have no power over the man of genius. It is the genius who controls both his own destiny and theirs. My plots are woven with deadly skill. The reader cannot escape; I sway him as I like. Now, in my next narrative poem, I shall say . . ."

"Of course," interrupted Clark, tenderly stroking the supple hands that lay on the table before him as upon an expansive keyboard, "a musician needs no help from anyone else. A real musician, I mean. There's only one born in a century. Vulgar contact with mediocre men destroys a great talent like mine. My melodies are my own. They were sealed in from the first of creation. In fact, I rise above melodies. I am three hundred years ahead of my generation . . ."

"You chaps are dead right," drawled Hal, unfolding his shapely legs with extraordinary rhythmical ease. "Take the dancer, for example. Take me. I use the universal language of motion. I don't ask another fellow what to do. I know. My inspiration is myself. Take my leaps and back bends. They are the despair of my audiences. No one else can touch them. A chap committed suicide after he saw me dance. Now take my last recital . . ."

"It's closing time, gentlemen." A substantial form whose broad shoulders were buttoned into a bartender's white jacket filled the blob of light at the doorway. Without more ado, it advanced into the haze and by four or five deft motions quenched the candle, cleared away cigarette stubs and beer bottles, and moved out whence it came.

The black spider over in the exact northeast corner of the smoke-smudged ceiling had almost finished his new duplex web when the person from outside so forthrightly put an end to the fine young men's comfortable reflections. He had

been listening with great interest and, it might as well be confessed, with considerable smug satisfaction. In fact, the black spider had been just upon the point of contributing some comments of his own at the very moment when the man of action entered.

"Ah," he sighed to himself, traveling up the southernmost diagonal of his most magnificent web by a superfine hand-over-hand routine, "all that is fine I spin from myself! Even in this blackness, see how it shines! How nobly I weave! I myself am the source of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful! How fortunate for the lowly world that I am in it!"

So delighted was the black spider with himself that he executed a pas de ballet which by some curious slip of the divine plan caused him to fall into the murky spaces below him; suspended, it is true, by a lifeline from his own belly.

"How wonderfully I did that!" he cried in ecstasy. "Oh, what a marvelous divinity I am! It was of me the young men were speaking. I spin the glorious web. When I retreat to meditate upon the infinite excellencies of myself, the foolish world comes to admire my handiwork. Falling into confusion and shame, it tangles itself therein to die. All power is in me!"

While the black spider communed with himself thus, the broad-shouldered man of action again entered the murky little room, this time with a broom in his hand. He strode to the exact northeast corner. Uttering a terse remark—nothing at all to do with the True, the Good, or the Beautiful—he swept the black spider from his web.

—EDITH FRISBIE

'SPUD' GRAY STARTS FORTH ON SHIMMERING OSCAR

"Spud" Gray, that fast little pedaler for the Western Union, was jumping around like a pogo-stick Wednesday afternoon all on account of Oscar. Oscar, it seems, is Spud's new bicycle, a Western Union Special, cream-colored with snappy lines. Oscar arrived in parts on Wednesday and by now is busy wheeling up and down the streets in search of the wary villager. Imogene, the old mud-guard, who has survived many nervous cyclical breakdowns, is not to be turned out in the cold, but will be reserved for Sunday walks.

Campbell Charges Law Violations

(Continued from Page One)
charges will be investigated by the state board.

At the hearing yesterday several persons, led by the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor of the Community Church, spoke against the application of Mrs. Latham and others spoke for it. Members of the Carmel city council were disqualified.

McDonald stated on closing the hearing that decision would be withheld until the matter was discussed by the whole state board. In the event of a decision, interested parties would be notified by letter. If a decision could not be reached a re-hearing would be held in Sacramento a week from next Tuesday.

RUTH AUSTIN STARTING A HIGH-HAT ASSEMBLY

Ruth Austin, who dances and has a flair for teaching others how, is opening what she calls her "Junior Assembly" at the Mission Ranch Club tonight. It will continue every Friday evening throughout the winter.

It is to be somewhat high-hat, invitational, we understand, and you can't crash the gate on the single qualification that your pedal extremities are jittery.

Miss Austin opened her dancing season last Wednesday, children's classes and all. She has created this year an intermediate class which will be limited to four of her pupils who have come up under her guidance to the point where she is definitely confident that they will become dancers of distinction and note. These prize students are Eleanor Johnston, Beverly Leidig, Meta Gosler and Mary Jean Elliott.

VAN HOUTTE BACK BETWEEN SHIPS; HE LOOKS SWELL

Albert L. Van Houtte was in town this week—between ships.

He had just returned from his second world-girdling trip on the President Coolidge. He's leaving again on November 9 on the Matson liner Monterey. He's some sort of an equipment on the ship, the rudder, or something. He says he's the "blow-pipe," but we know when we're being made sport of. He looks about the same—a little balder, a bit more wrinkled, slightly more bent, his speech is slower and he thinks a long time before replying to any question. A casual glance would give you the impression he's as strong as an able-bodied seaman. Perhaps he is. We may

have gotten the wrong impression entirely.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herman Crossman received a group of friends at an informal supper party last Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman's 16th wedding anniversary and also as a farewell party for Mrs. Charles Atwood Fuller of Pebble Beach who is leaving for a month's visit in Guatemala this week.

One of the very finest
Tap Rooms on the
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